CASANOVA™

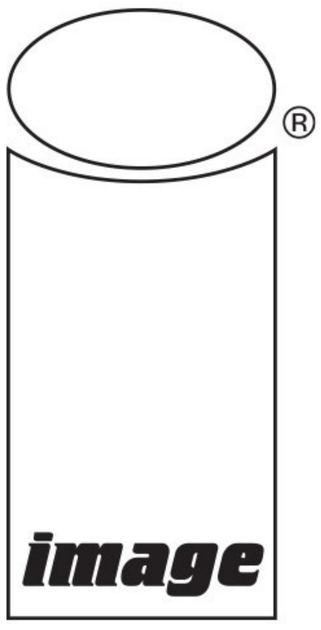
ACEDIA

VOLUME ONE

MATT FRACTION
MICHAEL CHABON

FÁBIO MOON
GABRIEL BÁ

with DUSTIN HARBIN and CRIS PETER



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CASANOVA

ACEDIA

MATT FRACTION
FÁBIO MOON

MICHAEL CHABON
GABRIEL BÁ

colors by Cris Peter
letters by Dustin Harbin
edits by Lauren Sankovitch

For my father. Goodnight, Dad.

—Matt Fraction

For Hugo Pratt and Guido Crepax.

—Fábio Moon

To Matthew Fritchman.

—Michael Chabon

To Héctor Germán Oesterheld and Francisco Solano López.

—Gabriel Bá

"Time forks perpetually into countless futures. In one of them I am your enemy."

The Creation,
"Frankenstein" by Mary Shelley

"I hope that I was of some little service, here and there, over the years."

The Old Man,
"The Final Solution" by Michael Chabon

"Let's drink to character."

Gregory Arkadin,
"Mr. Arkadin" by Orson Welles

CHAPTER ONE

NINE DAYS NOW

HOLLYWOOD

HE WALKED OUT FROM FIRE IN THE MOUNTAINS, A CREOSOTE BLOWN IN FROM THE DESERT.

HE CAME TO LOS ANGELES WITH NOTHING BEHIND HIM AND EVERYTHING AHEAD.

A BLANK SLATE.

This is the first thing I can remember.

THE RULES ARE SIMPLE.

CAFE

THE GUN IS ALWAYS LOADED.

THE SAFETY IS ALWAYS OFF.

THE FUCKER ALWAYS FIRES.

THE RULES ARE SIMPLE

I remember feeling like I wasn't afraid to die anymore.

No memory of the past means no fear of the future.

I couldn't remember anything.

...so I couldn't think of anything I'd lose.

MR. CASSADAY?

CLEC

IT'S TIME.

TELL HIM I'LL BE RIGHT THERE.

I think that's why the old man liked me so much.

I was up for anything he asked.

And having a job meant I had something to build new memories on.

I like my job.

Being the old man's majordomo means keeping the house running smooth.

Especially during the parties.

The old man likes his parties.

At a remove, anyway. I think he just likes the noise.

He stands alone and aloof, watching most times. Nobody talks to him but me.

Because talking to the old man is my job.

Who ate what, who drank what.

What's getting eaten.

Who fucked whom in the wine cellar.

Who everyone is.

What everyone wants.

EVERY NEW FACE HE BUILDS A NEW MEMORY.

EVERY NEW NAME HE LEARNS HE DOESN'T FORGET.

HE WONDERS THE SAME THING EACH TIME:

Are you the one that knows who I am?

I flirt and charm and I refill.

I'm good with people. I'm good AT people. I bet I knew lots before I forgot them all.

One day I'll HAVE to meet someone I--

CASANOVA QUINN.

WHO?

WHAT?

PEEK-A-BOO.

STEVE, C'MERE.

MR. CASSADAY?

CANAPÉS RUNNING LOW OVER BY THE GROTTO.

TAKE CARE OF IT.

I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE ME MISTAKEN FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

MM? AND WHO *ARE* YOU?

QUENTIN CASSADAY.

IF YOU SAY SO.

WHEN CAN WE BE ALONE?

AFTER THE PARTY. IT'LL BE SOON.

HOW CAN YOU TELL?

POP!

THE OLD MAN AND CASANOVA SHARE A SENSE OF RHYTHM, A SENSE OF MOOD.

HE JUST KNOWS.

HEY.

HEY YOURSELF.

YOU'LL RUIN YOUR LOUBOUTINS, PUTTING THEM IN WATER LIKE THAT.

SO COME AND SHOW ME SOMETHING ELSE I CAN GET WET.

"COME TO THE EDGE, HE SAID.

"WE ARE AFRAID. THEY SAID.

"COME TO THE EDGE, HE SAID.

"THEY CAME TO THE EDGE...

"HE PUSHED THEM..."

"AND THEY FLEW."

How did I remember that?

SWOOSH

What else have I forgotten I remember?

I remember divers.

I remember things about breath.

I remember that if you can hold out...

...past every panic signal your writhing lungs send your body...

...that there's a reserve of oxygen waiting.

Wait, maybe that was astronauts not divers.

shit.

HER WRISTS, HER SKIN, THE MUSCLES UNDERNEATH, HER TENDONS--

--THEY GO SLACK IN HIS HANDS. SOFT. AND HE THINKS:

Where did I learn how to do this?

COME ON, GODDAMMIT, HE'S NOT A FISH.

GET THEM BREATHING AGAIN.

SO HARD TO FIND DECENT HELP THESE DAYS.

:KKHHAHRRRRKKK:

:keff:

:keff:

SORRY, SIR.

ALL IS GOOD, BOY. ALL IS GOOD.

THE AUTHORITIES HAVE BEEN SUMMONED AND ARE ON THEIR WAY PRESENTLY.

BEFORE THEY QUESTION YOU I HAVE A FEW OF MY OWN.

AT YOUR LEISURE, Q.

THERE ARE RULES FOR THIS GAME OF OURS, Q. TWO IN PARTICULAR.

AND THE FIRST IS, "NEVER TELL THEM EVERYTHING THAT YOU KNOW.

AH.

RIIIIIGHT.

MR. CASSADAY, HOW MUCH DO WE REALLY KNOW ABOUT ONE ANOTHER?

HARDLY ANYTHING, MR. BOUTIQUE. YOU FOUND ME, WHAT, TWO, THREE YEARS BACK? YOU'VE ALWAYS DONE RIGHT BY ME AND I'VE TRIED TO...

BANG BANG BA

I'VE TRIED TO HELP OUT WHERE I COULD TO REPAY YOU, AND DRIVE THE CAR A LITTLE.

A BOY WITH TALENTS SUCH AS YOURS SURELY *LEARNED* THEM SOMEWHERE. I'VE NEVER QUITE CARED, TO BE HONEST--

--YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN TRUTHFUL AND HAVE DONE RIGHT BY ME *COUNTLESS* TIMES.

WHY SHOULD I CARE WHERE A MAN COMES FROM, WHERE A MAN HAS BEEN?

N.E.T.W.O.R.K.

AMIEL BOUTIQUE

AND MAYBE BECAUSE IT IS A STORY SO MUCH LIKE MY *OWN*.

PAH.

MY MEMORY OF MY OWN LIFE BEGINS WELL INTO MY *THIRTIES*. I HAD WEALTH AND MEN FEARED ME.

BUT I HAD NO IDEA WHERE ANY OF IT HAD COME FROM.

REGARDLESS OF WHAT I HAD TOLD ANYONE ELSE, I STARTED N.E.T.W.O.R.K. TO TRY AND DECIPHER THE MYSTERY OF *ME*.

"WHO IS AMIEL BOUTIQUE?"

WELL, HERE WE ARE, EH?

PSSS

TWO MEN WITHOUT PASTS.

NETWORK

I HAD NO IDEA.

NO ONE DOES.

YOU'RE THE FIRST PERSON I'VE EVER TOLD.

IT'S A UNIQUELY PAINFUL THING, ISN'T IT LAD? THAT VOID AT THE HEART OF YOU.

WHERE DID I PUT THAT GODDAMN--

--HERE, SIR--

--HANG ON--

AH.

SEE? EMPATHY. SYMPATHY.

YOU'RE NOT SOME, SOME, WHAT. SOME *DARK PSYCHOPATH*, SOME *AMNESIAC MURDERER*, REGARDLESS OF YOUR TALENTS--

WELL, YOU'RE NOT THE TYPE TO GET SICK AT SEA, ARE YOU?

NO, SIR.

WHERE'S THAT FROM? THAT LINE.

I DON'T REMEMBER.

HEH.

"MY BOY, I HAVE YET ANOTHER WORK OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU. WITH A TWIST."

"WELL, SIR, YOU KNOW HOW I LOVE SURPRISE ENDINGS."

"YOU HAVE A WAY OF GETTING THINGS DONE ABOUT YOU, AND I HAVE CONSIDERABLE RESOURCES, POWER, AND *WAYS* AT MY DISPOSAL.

"LET US MAKE ONE *ANOTHER* OUR PRIMARY FOCUS OF INVESTIGATION."

"I'M SORRY, SIR?"

"I WILL DEVOTE MY TIME AND ATTENTION--N.E.T.W.O.R.K.'S TIME AND ATTENTION--TO UNRAVELING THE MYSTERY OF *YOU*, AND IN EXCHANGE--

"WELL, YOU SHALL INVESTIGATE *ME*, THAT *DOSSIER* IS A CONFIDENTIAL REPORT CONTAINING THE FEW SCRAPS OF DATA MY PAST HAS YIELDED TO DATE."

Lincoln Blvd
Coast Route 1
1/4 MILE

"..."

"WELL, BOY? WHAT DO YOU SAY?"

"WHY ME? WHY *NOW*?"

"BECAUSE WE'RE *ALIKE*, YOU AND I.

"WE CAN UNTANGLE ANY KNOT OTHER THAN OURSELVES."

IF YOU SAY SO, SIR.

GODDAMN RIGHT I DO. NOW PUT 'ER THERE, BOY. WE HAVE OURSELVES A PACT.

BESIDES.

IF THESE GOD DAMNED ***OCCULTISTS*** ARE TO BE BELIEVED, WE'VE ONLY GOT TEN DAYS LEFT TO LIVE ANYWAY.

NINE DAYS NOW.

"THEY SAY THE WORLD'S GONNA END IN NINE DAYS."

Put a pebble in a shell.

Put the shell in a box.

Put the box in a bag.

Put the bag in a trunk.

Then throw the fucking thing in a cave and blow the opening shut with dynamite.

THAT'S what it's like trying to pin down "Amiel Boutique."

On paper he's a labyrinth with no exit.

THE GREY MAN MADE NO-SOUND, AN ABSENCE OF NOISE CUTTING THROUGH THE SPACE AROUND HIM.

KROFT!

CASANOVA, WITH A SIMILAR LACK INSIDE OF HIM, RECOGNIZED THE FEEL OF INCIPIENT NOTHINGNESS.

THE OTHER GREY MEN ARE RUMBLED.

THE ELEPHANT OF SURPRISE STRIKES AGAIN.

WHAT, YOU THINK JUST BECAUSE WE'RE IN A LIBRARY I WON'T FUCK YOU UP AND GET A LITTLE LOUD?

COME ON!

SEE, THAT WAS A PLAY ON WORDS EARLIER.

BANG

THE "ELEPHANT" OF SURPRISE.

INSTEAD OF "ELEMENT"-- BECAUSE ELEPHANTS ARE LOUD?

BANG

OH NEVER MIND.

NOT ON THE BOOKS NOT ON THE BOOKS--

BANG!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU.

BANG!

LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY

LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY

Oh come on--

GELES BRARY

CASANOVA
3·2014

MAZEL TOV,* DARLING, YOU INVENTED A WHOLE NEW REASON TO HATE CHRISTMAS...

I.M.A.T

KILL BABY

IMAGO says: "Have yourself a MURRLEE™ little Christ

*M.O.T.T. = Member Of The Tribe -- Ed.

...I WAS SO BORED WITH THE OLD ONES.

ENJOY.

IMAGO, OVER HERE!

KILLBABY

YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM THIS HIT SQUAD

T.A.M.I.

OH, CHRIST.

IMAGO!

SO WHAT DO I DO?

DO LIKE SANTA, DARLING. GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT.

UM...

IMAGO!

OVER HERE!

HOW MUCH DID MURRLEES PAY YOU TO REPLACE SASA LISI?

HOW MANY MURRLEES DO YOU PERSONALLY OWN?

WHERE IS SASA LISI?

DID SHE QUIT, OR WAS SHE SACKED?

IMAGO, OVER HERE!

IS IT TRUE SHE'S BEEN DECLARED BRAINDEAD?

WAS IT BAD ACID?

IMAGO!

DO YOU, UM, SEE YOURSELF AS MORE OF A KENNY JONES, A BRIAN JOHNSON OR AN ERIC CARR?

ANY RESPONSE TO THE RUMORS THAT YOU'RE BIOLOGICALLY A MAN?

SANTA GIVES PEOPLE WHAT THEY *DESERVE*...

WHOA.

"THE ZAUBERBERG,"
33 1/3 SPECTOR ST., FLATBUSH.

HOME BASE, WAR ROOM, RECORDING STUDIO, M.O.T.T. STATION OF OPERATIONS FOR TIMELINE 919, AND SUPREME HANG OF T.A.M.I.

BUILT 1888 AS PRIVATE RESIDENCE OF BEER TYCOON REINHARDT ZAUBERBERG.

BRUTALIST TUMORS CAUSED BY SPACE-BORNE "ERNÖ" PETRO-VIRUS OF THE 1970s.

UH... O-KAY.

BADBADNOTGOOD.

YOU GUYS SEEING THIS SHIT?

WHAT--

LIVE

...AMEIRAS CAPTURE NEW T.A.M.I. GIRL SHOCKER IN NYC TOD...

THE--

LIVE

...AMEIRAS CAPTURE NEW T.A.M.I. GIRL SHOCKER IN NYC TO

FUCK?

DEPLETED-JAMFIUM REINFORCEMENT.

X-KRONIC SURVEILLANCE ARRAY

POP!

SERIOUSLY, BRIAN JOHNSON?

I'M SORRY.

DUDE, NONE OF THOSE GUYS PLAYED THE BASS.

BOOTSY COLLINS?

I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT.

GRM-GRRM-GRRMMB

TAM!

BOTH MIDDLE FINGERS. OVERKILL, RIGHT?

YOU TELL ME, BOOTSY.

SIX WEEKS EARLIER...

RESPECT

V

T.A.M.?

EVENING, SIR.

:mnh:

HERE TO COVER THE BIG SHOW?

YEAH, BUT WHO GIVES A FUCK? BUNCH OF TRUMPED-UP CORPORATE BULLSHIT.

SERIOUSLY, THAT SASA LISI WAS DOPE.

ROCK JOURNALIST.

Christ, look at the hands on that one.

IT'S NOT LIKE ANY OF THEM CAN REALLY SING OR PLAY THEIR INSTRUMENTS. THEY OUGHT TO CHANGE THEIR NAME TO "HYPE, TITS AND AUTOTUNE."

ONLY THERE'S LIKE, FOUR OF 'EM.

GOOD POINT. EXCUSE ME--

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

KEEP ON PLAYING IT *FOR ME,* YOU WANT TO, MISS. YOU PRETTY GOOD.

I GOTTA GO.

FIRST FIVE I PULLED ALL DAY.

THAT WAS BEAUTIFUL. AND UH, SO ARE YOU. HOPE YOU'RE OKAY WITH ME SAYING THAT.

UH, SURE. BUT BEFORE THIS GOES ANY FURTHER YOU SHOULD PROBABLY KNOW I DON'T HAVE HUMAN REPRODUCTIVE ORGANS.

AH, NO. OKAY, I-- WHAT?

KIDDING.

I HAVEN'T DECIDED YET.

RICHIE SCHNUR, SENIOR MUSIC EDITOR, CHICLITZ.COM. AND YOU ARE...?

I-- I'M SORRY...?

THINKING I MIGHT GO WITH "CHEAP NIHILISM." YOU LIKE?

"HYPE, TITS, AUTOTUNE AND CHEAP NIHILISM." AM I MISSING ANYTHING?

Ø

"EMPTY SET"

EXCUSE ME, RICHIE, I HAVE TO GO TAKE OFF ALL MY CLOTHES EXCEPT FOR THREE STRANDS OF BLACK WIRE, TWO L.E.D. FLASHERS AND A TITANIUM KOTEX, AND THEN HATCH OUT OF A GIANT SPUTNIK, SO...

FOR THE RECORD? THE CORRECT ANSWER WAS, "NO, MA, FAR AS I CAN TELL, YOU AIN'T MISSING ONE MOTHERFUCKIN' THING."

BALLROOM, V HOTEL, AN HOUR LATER.

BUNCH OF TRUMPED-UP BULLSHIT.

FOR SURE. NEW ONE'S A TOTAL BABE THOUGH.

YEAH. 'COURSE SHE'S REALLY A MAN.

SERIOUSLY?

OR SOME-THING LIKE THAT.

*JAM!

DUDE, WHAT ELSE IS "LIKE THAT"?

I DO NOT KNOW, BERNARD, BUT WHEN I FIND OUT?

I BET YOU NINE BUCKS, AN ADDERALL AND A BLACK MAMBA CONDOM THAT IT SMELLS LIKE ROCK 'N' ROLL.

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ELLIPTICAL ISSUE OF--

the METANAUTS!

F.C
25
04
2015

CHAPTER TWO

O KILLERS I HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED

COULD EVERYONE JUST PLEASE--

--GENTLEMEN PLEASE--

--COULD YOU ALL JUST *PLEASE* MOVE BACK FOR ME--

YOU THERE, *DAGUERRO-TYPOGRAPHER.*

KNOW THAT YOU PHOTOGRAPH *HISTORY*, MAN, AND ARM YOURSELF ACCORDINGLY.

TODAY THE LAST GRADUATES OF THE *A.C.A.D.E.M.Y.* BECOME THE FIRST MEN OF *E.M.P.I.R.E.*

"NOW WE ARE ALL SONS OF BITCHES!"

I THINK THAT'S THE LINE HERE, RIGHT?

GOD, JUST SHUT THE HELL UP AND LET'S GET THIS RIDICULOUS EXERCISE OVER W--

--*DAMMIT AKIM* KNOCK IT OFF!

HAH.

EVERYONE *PLEASE*, CAN YOU JUST HOLD STILL, STARE AT THE CAMERA, AND PRETEND WE LIKE EACH OTHER LONG ENOUGH TO LET THE MAN DO HIS JOB--

:sigh:

WHATEVER BECAME OF YOU, O KILLERS I HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED?

WHATEVER BECAME OF US?

MR. BOUTIQUE...?

KNOCK KNOCK

I, UH, WAS READING UP ON SOME OF YOUR HISTORY THAT I COULD FIND IN OLD PAPERS DOWN AT THE LIBRARY.

FOUR, UH, PICASSO-FACED MURDER-PEOPLE CAME OUT OF NOWHERE AND TRIED TO KILL ME.

YOU SOUND AND LOOK LIKE A MAN THAT NEEDS A DRINK.

SIR.

FIVE PEOPLE HAVE TRIED TO KILL ME IN THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

AND WE NEED A NEW CAR.

THEY MIGHT HAVE SET THE CAR ON FIRE.

I AM *GLAD* YOU ARE SAFE.

IS THERE ANYTHING YOU NEED TO TELL ME, SIR?

ANYTHING YOU'RE MAYBE HOLDING BACK?

MY LIFE TO YOU IS AN OPEN BOOK, BOY.

AT LEAST AS I REMEMBER IT.

I'M JUST NOT A FAN OF COINCIDENCE IS ALL.

AND I'LL *TAKE* THAT DRINK NOW.

GOOD MAN.

HERE. TO "COINCIDENCE."

AND HAVING ENOUGH OF IT AROUND TO *CHOKE*.

THERE WAS *WEIRD CULT SHIT*, SIR. THAT END-OF-THE-WORLD STUFF.

ALL AROUND THE CAR AND...

...AND IN THE WAY THEY SPOKE.

WHAT'S THAT, NOW?

IT WASN'T A LANGUAGE, IT...

...IT WAS LIKE HEARING IT FROM THE CORNER OF YOUR EAR.

BACK IN THE DAY, DID *N.E.T.W.O.R.K.* EVER HAVE ANY KIND OF GOINGS-ON WITH WEIRD CULT SHIT LIKE THIS?

CRUSH ANY CULTS, RESCUE ANY BRAINWASHED DEVOTEES OF APOCALYPSE CHURCHES, SHUT DOWN ANY SORCEROR SUPREMES?

"SORCERORS SUPREME," AND *NO*.

I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT *MAGIC*, I'M AFRAID.

WELL, SHIT, BOSS.

...THEN I GUESS I'M GONNA GO FIND US A MAGICIAN.

AND NOW, FOR THE FINAL WORKING OF THELONIOUS GODCHILD TO MAGICALLY TRANSPIRE, CATS AND KITTENS, YOU MUST *BELIEVE.*

...AND HOLD ON TO YOUR WALLETS.

BUT THAT'S JUST COMMON SENSE, RIGHT? IT'S LOS ANGELES, IT'S THE SUBWAY, THE WORLD IS BIG AND STRANGE.

AND WHO AM I BUT A CRAZY MAN WITH A DECK OF CARDS?

CLING CLING

...AND A SOCK FULL OF NICKELS.

CLING CLING CLING

DO YOU *BELIEVE,* CATS AND KITTENS?

DO YOU BELIEVE THAT THE WORLD IS BIGGER AND STRANGER THAN YOU CAN EVER COMPREHEND?

IF SO, OPEN YOUR WALLETS AND SEE WHO WON OUR BET.

HOLY *SHIT.*

YO, MINE DIDN'T WORK.

ONLY THING IN MY WALLET'S A *BADGE.*

AHH SHIT--

OI!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, YOU.

CLING

POW

MAN, FUCK THE POLICE--

TO TRAINS

TO BURBANK / MORE

TO CEN

CLING CLING CLING

NG

CLINGK-CLING

CLING

;heff;

;heff;

POW

JESUS, McSHANE, DON'T *KILL* HIM--

AND *STAY* DOWN.

ABRACA-*FOOKIN*-DABBRA, BOYO.

HEY. THELONIOUS.

T, WAKE UP, C'MON.

AAOOW.

YOU OKAY, MAN? HE HIT YOU PRETTY HARD.

SHOULDN'TA RUN.

YEAH.

AND FUCK YOU, McSHANE.

FOOK HIM, HE RAN--

C'MON, HE HAD TO MAKE IT LOOK BELIEVABLE.

LOOK, SHARTSKY AND HUTCH, YOU WANNA TELL ME WHY YOU INTERRUPTED MY TRICK?

GONNA HAVE TO WORK OVERTIME TO EARN ALL THAT BACK...

YOU SEEN THIS SHIT AROUND TOWN, MAN? LIKE A TAGGER, BUT SATANIC AND SPOOKY?

PEOPLE ARE GETTING NERVOUS, AND I THOUGHT WELL IF THERE'S ANYBODY IN MAGIC THAT'LL KNOW--

MANNN...

YOU SHITHEELS GET THAT MAGIC ISN'T ACTUALLY MAGIC, RIGHT?

T, C'MON, GIMME A PEARL, A GEM, A NUGGET OF WISDOM, ADVICE, A HINT, A CLUE...

GIMME SOMETHING HERE, MAN.

Fuck you.

GOD, JUST SHUT THE HELL UP AND LET'S GET THIS RIDICULOUS EXERCISE OVER WITH.

K-CLEC

GODCHILD!

YOU BEEN BAILED, MAN. GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY JAIL.

LUCKY.

LUCKY, LUCKY, LUCKY.

LOOK, THELONIOUS, I GOTTA SAY, I COME TO YOU FOR HELP AND YOU DON'T HELP ME, IT LEAVES ME FEELING A LITTLE DISAPPOINTED--

NEXT TIME YOU NEED HELP ON SOME OF YOUR SHIT YOU BEST NOT COME KNOCKING WHEN THERE'S A CROWD.

LEMME HIT HIM *AGAIN*--

--BE COOL NOW, BE COOL--

DON'T YOU *COME* TO ME ABOUT THIS STUPID SHIT ANYMORE.

BE *SMARTER*, GODDAMMIT.

YO.

HEY.

...

YOU'RE BOUTIQUE'S BOY, YEAH?

:tch:

DETECTIVE KAITO BEST, QUENTIN CASSADAY, QUENTIN CASSADAY BLAH BLAH.

CUTE LITTLE HAT.

JEALOUS.

SO WHY'D YOU SPRING ME, MAN? I MEAN, I KNEW YOU LIKED ME BUT I DIDN'T KNOW YOU **BAIL MONEY** LIKED ME.

NOT THAT I **DON'T** LIKE YOU, BUT--

--THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF WEIRD CULT SHIT GOING ON AND SOMEONE WITH YOUR--

JESUS CHRIST, **NOT YOU TOO!**

KAITO BEST

IT'S KIDS! IT'S FUCKING **TEENAGERS** HUFFING PAINT AND LISTENING TO SHITTY MUSIC, IT'S--

IT'S BEEN **VIOLENT.** IT'S BEEN **WEIRD.**

COINCIDENTALLY, SO HAS MY **LIFE** THE LAST FEW DAYS.

LOOK, MAN, I DON'T...

THERE ARE NO COINCIDENCES IN LIFE.

EVERYTHING CONNECTS IF YOU LOOK LONG AND HARD ENOUGH.

SOME HELP **YOU** ARE.

CATCH.

GONNA SEE A MAN ABOUT A HORSE BEFORE WE GET STUCK ON THE 405 FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES.

LOS ANGELES POLICE

PHONE PHONE PHONE PHONE ***PHONE*** PHONE

PHONE PHONE PHONEIIII GOTTA CALL YOU BACK.

PHONE?

I NEED A FAVOR.

AND I NEED McSHANE TO DRINK A NICE HOT CUP OF OOLONG POISON.

SO?

SO UNLIKE OUR MAGICAL THIEF FRIEND I JUST BAILED OUT, I DON'T MIND BEING SEEN IN PUBLIC WITH YOU.

IN FACT, I KIND OF LIKE IT. ALONG WITH MY CUTE LITTLE HAT, A BADGE LIKE YOURS GIVES ME AN AIR OF LEGITIMACY.

I'M A GUY-- AND I ***WORK*** FOR A GUY--

--THAT WANTS TO GET ALONG A LITTLE BIT WITH EVERYBODY.

HELP ME OUT AND ANYTHING I, OR ***AMIEL BOUTIQUE,*** CAN DO TO HELP THE LAPD WILL BE YOURS FOR THE ASKING.

ANYTHING...?

WAIT, WHAT DO YOU WANT?

HEY GIRL.

YOU LOOK GOOD.

"QUENTIN CASSADAY."

I THOUGHT WE COULD HAVE A LITTLE TALK, YOU AND ME.

BEFORE YOU'RE DISAPPEARED.

AM I TO BE DISPOSED OF, THEN? ERASED?

YOU'RE NOT GETTING OUT. YOU HAD YOUR SHOT AT KILLING ME TODAY AND BLEW IT.

YOU'D BE SURPRISED. THIS TOWN HAS ITS WAY WITH PEOPLE.

AND SO DOES MY BOSS.

DAY'S NOT OVER YET.

I LIKE MY ODDS.

THIS DOESN'T HAVE TO END BADLY. I HAVE QUESTIONS. YOU HAVE ANSWERS. AND IF YOU SHARE--

UH.

SHIT.

CASANOVA QUINN!!

!!!

KNOCK KNOCK

UH, DETECTIVE BEST...?

I'M NOT HAVING FUN ANYMORE.

she called his mother Jessica like a common serving wench instead of what she was-- a Bene Gesserit lady

SHIT.

SHIT SHIT SHIT.

--I DON'T WANNA DIE IN A GODDAMN POLICE DEPARTMENT--

AAHAAHH

did that to my mother once?"
Ever sift sand through a screen?" she asked.
The tangential slash

BOOM

KAITO!

KAITO OPEN UP THE FUCKING DOOR--

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

;tch;

BOOM BOOM

WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?

WHO IS--

BOOM BOOM

BOOM

CRECK

CRASH!

WHO IS CASANOVA QUINN?

-- CASS?

HOLY SHIT--

SHIT--

--SHIT--

--SHIT--

SHITFUCK--!!

THUMP

FUCKING FUCK!

THU

SHIT!

STEP BACK--

BANG BANG BANG BANG

POW

CASSADAY--?

"YEAH MAN, C'MON IN.

"EVERYTHING'S COOL HERE.

"EVERYTHING'S JUST SUPER-FUCKING COOL."

"WHO IS CASANOVA QUINN?"

SIR.

I DON'T KNOW.

WHO IS "AKIM ATHABADZE"?

HEH.

NO IDEA.

WELL THEN, MY DEAR MR. CASSADAY, IT WOULD SEEM WE HAVE TWO NAMES, A HUNDRED QUESTIONS, AND NOT A WHOLE LOT OF ANSWERS BETWEEN THE TWO OF US, DO WE?

I HID THIS FROM YOU EARLIER, BUT I REALIZED I WASN'T SURE WHY.

I FELT SHAME BUT I DON'T REMEMBER THE PHOTOGRAPH. I DON'T KNOW THE *PEOPLE* IN IT, EVEN THOUGH ONE COULD BE *ME* AT ABOUT YOUR AGE.

I REALIZED, TO *THINK* THIS WAY, TO *FEEL* THESE THINGS, SOME PART OF ME SOMEWHERE MUST REMEMBER *SOMETHING* ABOUT THIS.

EVEN THOUGH THE "I" OF ME DOES *NOT*.

I HAVE A FEELING ALL OF OUR TROUBLES END AND BEGIN WITH THIS PHOTOGRAPH.

WHAT'S THE POINT OF DESIGNING A COOL LOOKING **WEIRD SHIT** DEMON...

... IF I DON'T LAST MORE THAN FOUR PAGES?

I HOPE I GET MORE SCREEN TIME NEXT ISSUE, BRO.

OH SHUT UP, I'M **CREE-AY-TING** OVER HERE.

TEC TEC TEC TEC TEC

F.C

the METANAUTS!

THEY STALK THE TIMELINES IN SEARCH OF A SOLUTION TO REALITY'S DEADLIEST QUESTION!

WHAT DOES IT MEAN WHEN YOUR FARTS SMELL LIKE CINNAMON?

LONDON, TIMELINE 999, RIGHT NOW.

I... UH, I SMELL IT, TOO.

YOU SMELL **MY** FART.

BUT I'D HAVE TO GO WITH "NUTMEG."

KIND OF A, CARAMEL-Y EGG NOG? WITH NOTES OF BUBBLE-YUM AND MIDORI?

MUST BE THE NEW KID.

SHUT UP! IT WAS NOT!

DENIED: SUPPLIED.

HOLDS TRUE ACROSS EVERY KNOWN TIMELINE.

OBVIOUSLY IT'S COMING FROM **OUTSIDE** THE Q-SUITS, BITCH. OUR FILTRATION MUST BE FUCKED.

NO, I DON'T THINK SO. SYSFEEDS ALL READ FULL-POWER, FULL-EFFICIENCY, AND THESE ARE BRAND NEW Q-SUITS. IT'S JUST THAT THIS PLACE IS SO DISGUSTINGLY...

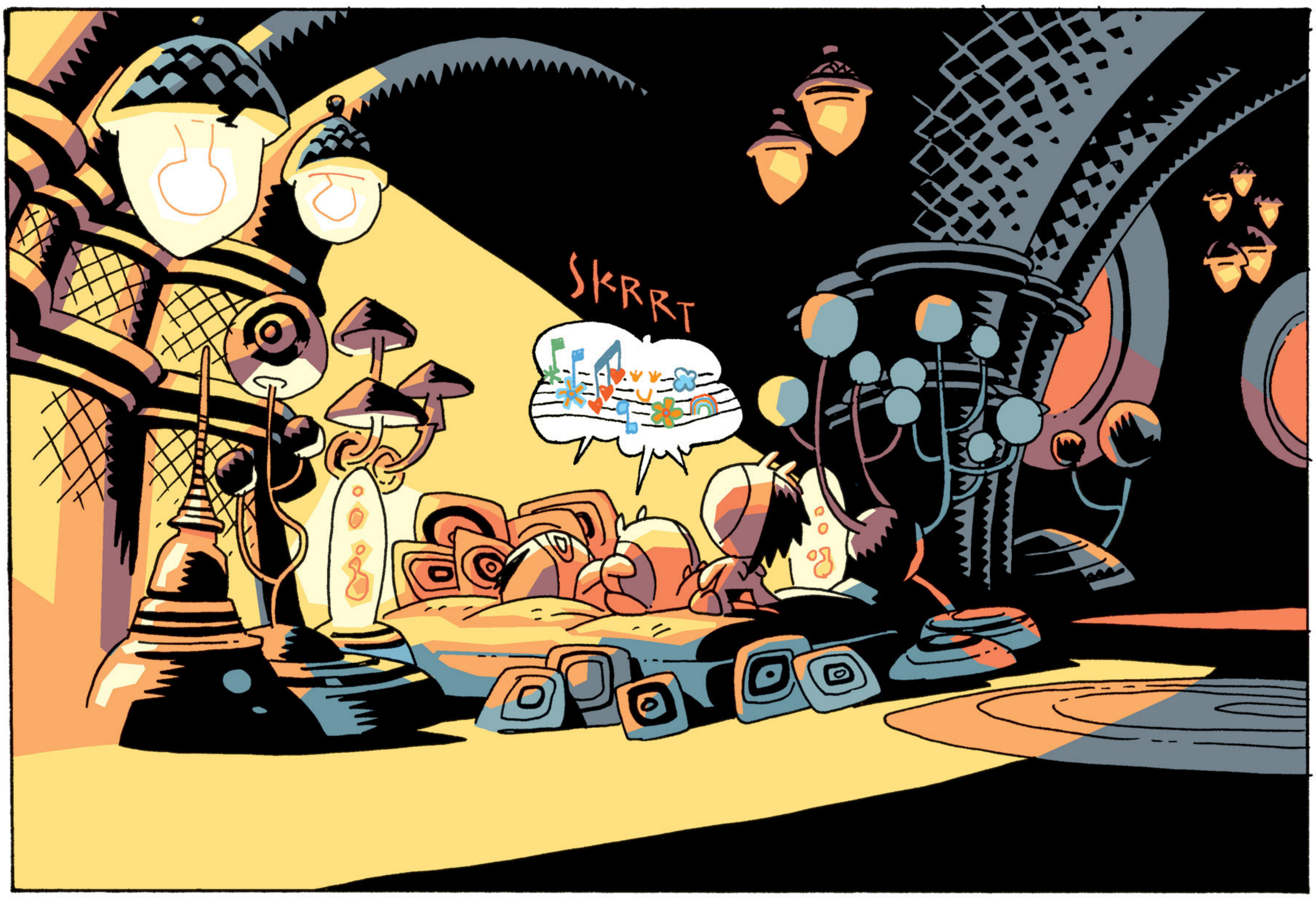
...yummy.

THE J.I.M.M.Y.* CAPS SEEM TO BE HOLDING OKAY AT LEAST.

STILL, TRY TO AVOID THE LITTLE BUGGERS. IF YOUR J.I.M.M.Y. **DOES** FAIL, AND YOU STEP ON ONE, IT COULD PUSH US INTO STAGE 5 CHRONOCLASM.

*JAMF INFRA-STRING MASS-SUPPRESSION MODULE --Ed.

PING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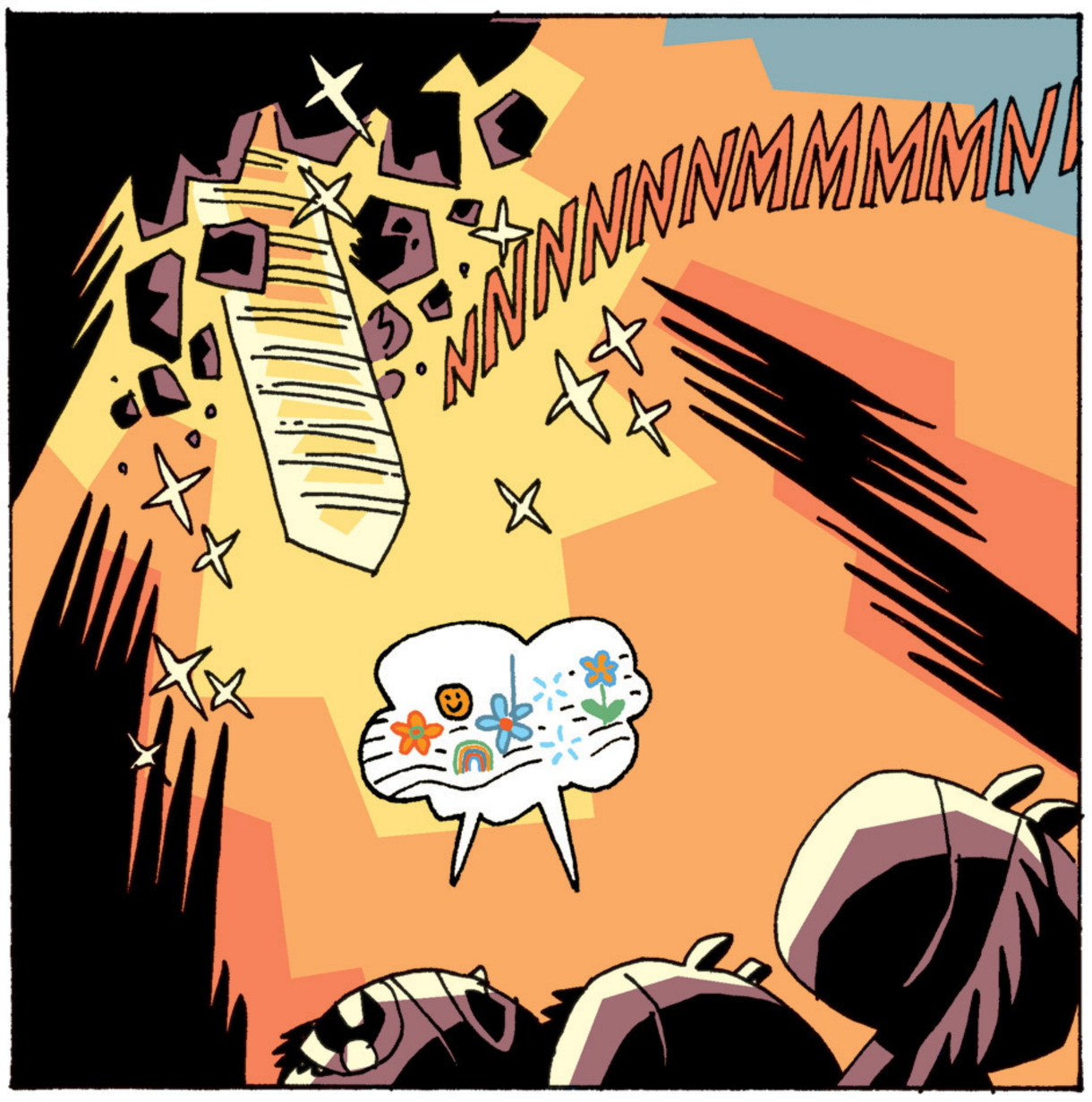
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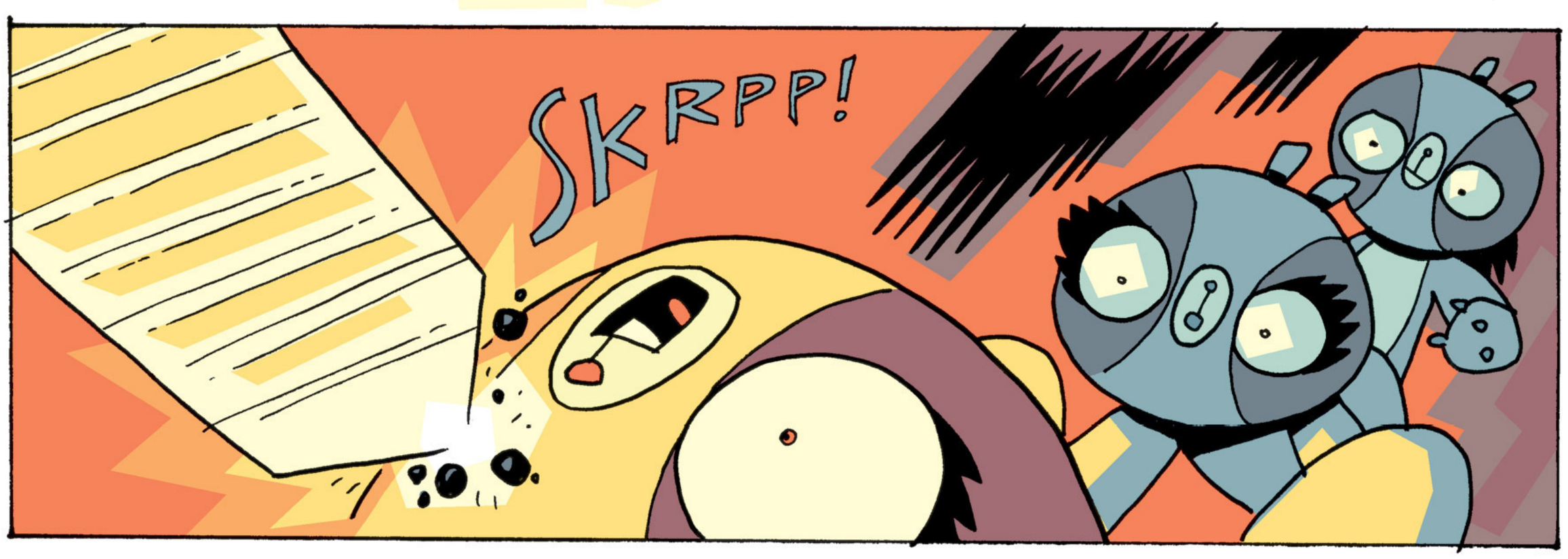
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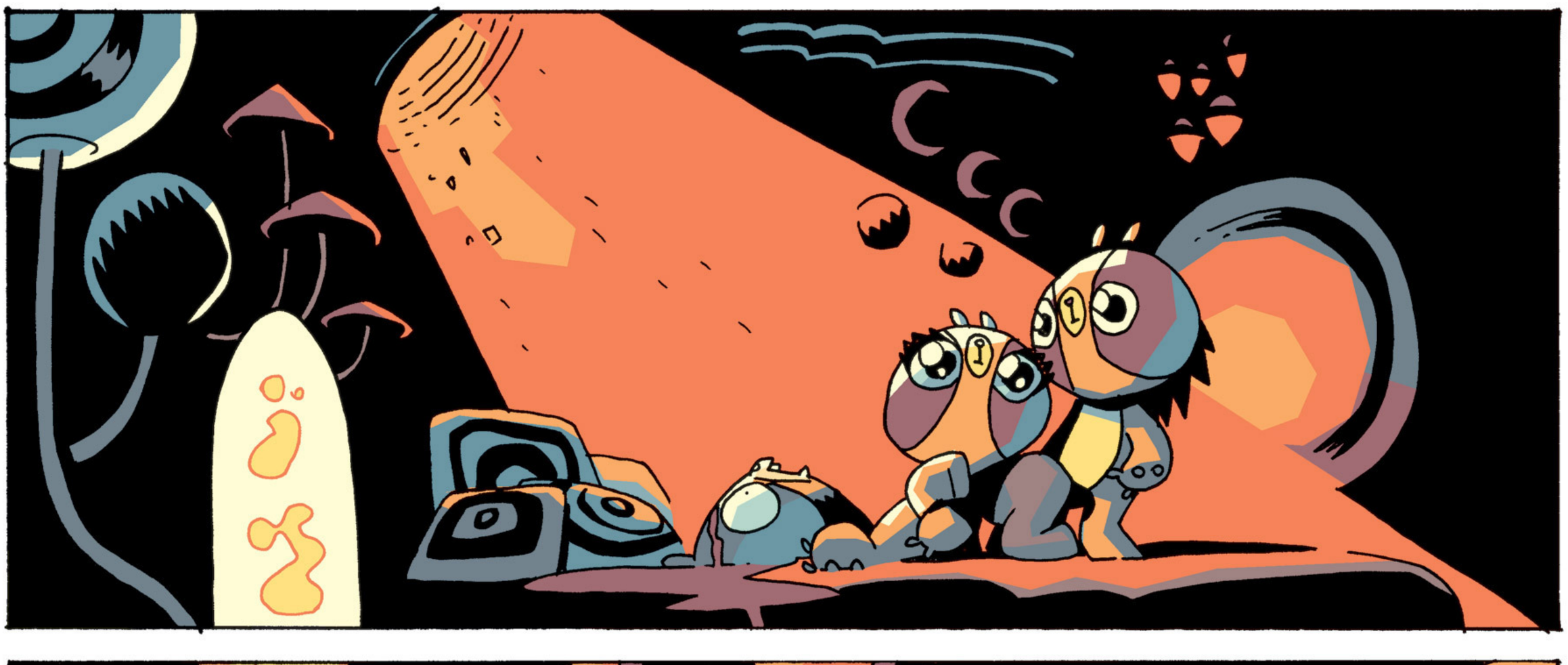

JAMF "HARD-CORE™" TACHYON DRILL
COME ON, YOU LITTLE-- OW! GOD DAMN IT!
AW, FUCK ME...
...J.I.M.M.Y. CAP FAILURE.
FWLURP!

THEY HAVE FANGS?

BAG.

OW OW OW

BAG!

THEY DON'T HAVE **BONES** BUT THEY HAVE FUCKING **FANGS?**

JAMF XTEMPORAL "QUIETUS T-20™" KILLSACK

DUDE, WE JUST HAVE TO **KILL** THE CASANOVA QUINNS, NOT **COLLECT** THEM.

I KNOW, BUT, I MEAN, COME ON, LOOK AT HIM--

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT HERMETIC ISSUE OF--

THE METANAUTS!

CHAPTER THREE

BLOOD BROTHERS

STAND BY FOR COORDINATES.

ONE. FOUR. EIGHT. FIVE. FIVE. SEVEN.

REPEATING: ONE. FOUR. EIGHT.

FIVE. FIVE. SEVEN.

E.M.P.I.R.E. OUT.

COME ON.

COME ON, GOD DAMN YOU.

ENOLA-BI TO E.M.P.I.R.E.

WE'RE DEPLOYED.

AKIM?

YOU'RE MISSING OUT, BROTHER.

THE BOMBERS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES. YOU'RE MISSING HISTORY.

COME UP. JOIN US FOR A SCOTCH.

THE A.C.A.D.E.M.Y. IS DEAD-- LONG LIVE E.M.P.I.R.E.

NOT SO LONG, I'M AFRAID.

BOOM

FHHH

SHIT

BENDAY?

BENDAY.

KLOP

KLOP

KLOP

SNFF

SNFF
SNFF

WHAT'S YOUR NAME LITTLE ONE?

HOLY SHIT.

SABINE, YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'S HIM.

PEOPLE USE ALL KINDS OF THINGS AS BOOKMARKS. YOU'D BE SURPRISED.

I'VE FOUND HOSPITAL INTAKE FORMS, OLD LOVE LETTERS, DIRTY PICTURES.

JESUS, EVEN WHEN HE WAS YOUNG HE WAS OLD...

I WONDER WHO THE GIRL IS.

COULD SHE BE THIS "CASANOVA QUINN" YOU'RE LOOKING FOR?

I... I'M...

I DON'T KNOW.

HERE'S WHY I ASK, Q:

THIS WAS THE BOOK THE PHOTO WAS MARKING.

CASANOVA

THAT'S WEIRD, RIGHT? A BOOK CALLED "CASANOVA" WITH A PICTURE OF YOUR BOSS INSIDE AND YOU TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHO HE IS, AND HOW "CASANOVA QUINN" TIES INTO EVERYTHING?

DO YOU BELIEVE IN COINCIDENCE?

...

OH, AND--

PAGES FEEL WEIRD--

FWOOSH

WHOA--!

FSSSS

JESUS--

--THE BOOKS--

--THE OTHER BOOKS--

STOMP STOMP

AHH, GOD DAMMIT...

THIS!

WAS!

McQUEEN!

YOU BURNING-BOOK BASTARD!

THAT DID IT.

LET'S YOU, ME, AND A FEW DOZEN RARE EDITIONS GO HAVE DRINKS WHILE THIS PLACE AIRS OUT.

I'M BUYING.

THREE YEARS.

SURE IT'S NOT FOUR?

IT'S THREE.

IT FEELS LIKE FOUR.

OKAY, FINE. IT'S FOUR. IT'S TEN. WE ARE ONE-HUNDRED YEARS IN LOVE.

AND YOU ARE... *STILL*...

...THE MOST EXCITING PERSON IN MY LIFE. HOW IS IT IT'S NOT BORING YET?

WELL, WE DON'T SEE MUCH OF EACH OTHER ANYMORE. THAT'S GOTTA HELP.

NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING--YOUR CAREER EXPLODING, I'M BUSY WITH CASEWORK. I DIDN'T MEAN TO SOUND

PARDON ME, MA'AM.

YOU HAVE A PHONE CALL, MS. SEYCHELLE.

THEY WERE VERY INSISTENT THAT I INTERRUPT YOUR MEAL.

JIM OR *SHEP* PROBABLY-- BETTER TAKE IT.

SEE? EVEN WHEN WE CONSPIRE TO LEAVE OUR PHONES AT HOME, THE REAL WORLD REACHES IN AND RUINS THINGS.

BACK IN A FEW. STAY HERE AND KEEP LOOKING HANDSOME.

I LOVE YOU.

GARÇON, FILL'ER UP AND DON'T STOP 'TIL THE TOP--

YOU KNOW THIS SWILL IS JUST REBOTTLED THUNDERBIRD, RIGHT?

I DRANK YOUR GOOD SHIT THEN HIT UP THE STOP-N-ROB. THEY WERE ALL OUT OF FANCY-ASS CABS...

THIS IS IT? THIS IS A BIT?

YOU'RE HERE TO FUCK UP MY NIGHT OFF?

WAS THERE REALLY EVEN A PHONE CALL?

THERE REALLY WAS A CALL. SO IT SEEMED A GOOD TIME TO BREAK COVER.

"COVER." BULL SHIT. YOU WORK HERE.

SUBWAY-MAGIC BUSKING ISN'T RECESSION-PROOF AND NOW YOU WORK HERE AND YOU'RE GONNA PUT YOUR DICK IN MY SOUP.

ACTUALLY I DID SOME DIGGING AROUND ON YOUR BEHALF AND I NEEDED TO GET WORD TO YOU--

CASSADAY HAS GOT US ALL IN A WORLD OF SHIT.

SCRUB SCRUB

I NEED TO GET INTO THAT ROOM TONIGHT. SOON.

ROOM? THE FUCK'RE YOU--

WHERE HE WAS ATTACKED.

SOONER THE BETTER. TICK TOCK. APOCALYPSE IS COMING.

GET OFF MY FUCKING DICK, MAN, IT'S MY ANNIVERSARY, FOR FUCK'S SAKE. I CAN'T GO BRO DOWN WITH YOU AND MICK JAG-OFF TO--

AAAAAAAAAAIIIEEEEEEE

GARÇON, FILL'ER UP AND DON'T STOP 'TIL THE TOP--

zubzub RUBYzub

zibzib zub **WORK DONE** zubzub

zub **TITS** zub

zubzub **FUCKS** HER DIRECTORS **ZUB**

zub **FAB**ULOUS zub

EVERY DAY.

EVERY **TIME.**

EVERY**WHERE.**

THIS IS RUBY.

MY NAME IS **FABULA,** RUBY. DO YOU WANT TO SEE A MAGIC TRICK?

THEN TURN AROUND.

UM...

NO THANK YOU?

GGGRRRAAAAAHHH

POW

HHNNNNNNN

FABULA.

MEET.

CAMILLA.

ELPHICK.

KAH!

AAAAA

AIIEEEE

RUBY--!!

STAND BACK--

PSSSSSSSSS

--FUCKER!!

HOLY SHIT.

HOLY SHIT.

TONIGHT, MAN.

SOONER THE BETTER.

YEAH.

HONEY, I GOTTA TAKE A RAINCHECK.

PA-ZOW!
PA-ZOW!
PA-ZOW!

SHIT.

I GOTTA GET THIS.

HOLLYWOOD

SSSIGH.

YES SIR?

COME HOME.

I NEED YOU RIGHT AWAY.

RIGHT AWAY-RIGHT AWAY?

NOW.

NOW-NOW OR LATER-NOW?

I HAVE A--

Q.

YEAH.

YEAH, OKAY.

CLICK

I KNOW THIS DOESN'T LOOK GOOD.
IT REALLY DOESN'T.
I KNOW.
YOU KNOW WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE?
LIKE I'M RUNNING OUT ON YOU?
LIKE YOU'RE RUNNING OUT ON ME.
SABINE SEYCHELLE.
I'M SORRY.
THIS THING-- THE BOOK, THE THING, THE WEIRD--
I THINK IT'S ALL ONE THING. IT'S ALL--
I COULDN'T RUN AWAY FROM YOU IF I TRIED, SABINE.
OH FUCK ME--
I TRIED BUT SOMEONE'S BOSS CALLED AND--
54
NO.
NOT THAT.

SATAN TAGGED MY GODDAMN CAR, MAN...

THE OLD MAN'S GONNA KILL ME. I HAD TO BURN THE LAST ONE AND NOW--

--WAIT.

YOU ALL RIGHT THERE, Q?

UHH... SURE. YEAH.

RIGHT. OKAY.

LOCK THE DOORS BEHIND YOU.

AND STAY SAFE.

IT'S COLD.

COLDER, ANYWAY.

COLDER UP HERE THAN IT IS DOWN THERE.

YEAH, WELL.

THAT'S HOW IT WORKS, RIGHT? WHEN YOU DRIVE OVER YOUR OWN GRAVE?

CALIFORNIA 1

WELL THEN?

YOU SAID "COME," AND WE CAME, ALONE AND UNARMED AS PROMISED.

NOW YOU PROMISED TO TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW OF "AKIM ATHABADZE" AND "CASANOVA QUINN."

I KNOW *EVERYTHING* OF AKIM ATHABADZE AND CASANOVA QUINN.

I AM A VISITOR HERE, YOU SEE, AND INFORMATION MOVES DIFFERENTLY WHERE I COME FROM.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE A MAGIC TRICK?

MY NAME IS **FABULA**. GOOD MORNING.

WAS REALLY HOPING MY MORNING WOULD KICK OFF WITH MIMOSAS AND ORAL SEX INSTEAD OF *THIS*.

EASY BOYO. BUY A GAL A DRINK FIRST AND WE'LL SEE WHERE IT GOES.

UGH, NOT UNTIL YOU *SHAVE*, PIZZLY ADAMS.

POLICE LINE DO NOT CRO

SMELLS LIKE A BUTCHER'S IN HERE.

AN'... BURNT CARPET? PETROL?

THE HELL *IS* THAT?

JUST DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING. THE SHIT ON THE FLOOR-- NOT EVEN A LITTLE BIT.

THAT'S MY LINE.

CLICK

HELLO.

MY NAME IS *FABULA*.

I BELIEVE YOU HAVE MET MY BROTHER *FABULA*.

AT *THIS* HOUR OF THE DAY--

--AFTER *THAT* KIND OF A DRIVE--

AND *YOU* WANT TO WASTE MY TIME WITH PARLOR TRICKS?

TO HELL WITH YOU, "FABULA." TO HELL WITH WHAT YOU KNOW.

WHO--

WHO IS CASANOVA QUINN?..

SIR, GET BA--

--THE HELL--

CASANOVA

THIS IS WHERE I BELONG.

CASANOVA QUINN

H

BANG BANG BANG

O

KKK

LY SHIT--

FOOK.

FOOK--

TA-DA.

STUH.

FOOKIN' **STAHP** ROIGHT THERE, TUBBY.

SHITE--

SSSSSSSQUISH

ONE JOB, McSHANE, YOU HAD **ONE**--

AUGH BOY.

KT.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE A MAGIC TRICK?

UH--

NO?

BANG

MADNESS.

BLOODY MADNESS.

--GGKKK--

MUH.

MUH.

MIMOSAS, YOU GUYS.

SHIT.

KAITO. NOT AGAIN. SHIT.

WE GOTTA--

--MESHANE.

WE GOTTA CALL AN AMBULANCE OR--

AYE.

THIS CAN'T BE GOOD, RIGHT?

GUH GUH GUH

QUENTIN. GET UP. LAD. HE'S--

TA-DA.

IT'S ONLY FAIR, I SUPPOSE, YOU LYING TO US ABOUT YOUR INTENT.

I WASN'T WHOLLY FORTHCOMING EITHER.

BOOM

I DON'T CARE WHERE YOU'RE FROM.

YOU'RE MEAT AND BONE LIKE THE REST OF US.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO HIM BUT--

STOP!

WAIT.

STOP.

WHERE ARE YOU FROM?

THE PLACE WHERE INFORMATION MOVES DIFFERENTLY?

THRR CUMMMMNG FRRR YOOOO

ALL THMMMM

HA.

YOU GET THAT?

I BELIEVE SO.

YOOO DUNNN EEEFN NOOO WYYY.

SURE I DO.

BECAUSE I'M CASANOVA QUINN.

...WHAT IF HE WAS TALKING ABOUT ME?

OH, SHIT.

DIDN'T THINK ABOUT IT THAT WAY.

DO WE...

...KNOW...

...ONE ANOTHER, YOUNG MAN?

MOTHER OF GOD.

AKIM *REDIRECTED* THEM.

NO SIR.
I DON'T KNOW YOU AT ALL.
EXIT
TCH.
EXIT
OCTORDOCTOR
OCTORDOCTOR
OCTORDOCTOR

UH.

HI.

IS THIS REALLY HAPPENING?

ARE YOU A MERMAID?

NO.

MERMAIDS AREN'T REAL.

I'M DREAMING.

I'M DRUNK AND DREAMING.

AAAOOWWW WWFUCK!

WHY DID YOU DO THAT?

TO DISTRACT YOU ANOTHER COUPLE SECONDS WHILE HEATH GOT HIS INSULATORS ON.

BZZ

--SHIT--

NNNNNGGGGH

НИР!

SHIT.

SHIT SHIT SHIT--

STAY DOWN.

SHUH.

SHUHHH.

AKIM ATHABADZE.

AY-KAY-AY "AMIEL BOUTIQUE."

WHY ON *EARTH* WOULD YOU TRY TO FIGURE OUT THAT MAN'S LIFE STORY?

FUCK YOU.

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

NONE OF YOUR GODDAMN BUSINESS.

THE FUCK KIND OF MERMAID ARE YOU ANYWAY?

WELL, AKIM CALLED ME SUKI.

MY REAL NAME IS SASA.

I'VE SPENT A LOT OF TIME TRYING TO ERASE AKIM ATHABADZE AND AMIEL BOUTIQUE FROM HUMAN MEMORY.

HE'S MY FATHER, MY TEACHER, AND ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS MEN THAT'S EVER LIVED.

I'M GOING TO KILL HIM. AND YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME, CASANOVA QUINN.

MURLEES

BETTY AND BONEDADDY HAD A CHILD

BETTY LET BABY RUN ANIMAL WILD

BABY CURSED BONEDADDY WITH HIS FIRST BREATH

SAID MY BIRTHRIGHT'S DAMNATION AND MY NAME'S CALLED--

OY, STOP. STOP!

WHUH?

blang

glong

dink

NOTHING, IT'S GREAT. I'M JUST CALLING A LITTLE BREAK. I NEED TO GO DOWN TO THE CROSSROADS AND SACRIFICE A ROOSTER.

TOO DARK?

MAYBE A TAD.

UH, GALEN? I DON'T KNOW IF YOU KNOW BUT, WE'RE IN KIND OF A DARK PLACE?

IN THE PAST SIX WEEKS WE TOOK OUT, WHAT IS IT--?

THREE HUNDRED AND TWELVE QUINNS. PLUS WE TOURED EUROPE, ASIA, AND SOUTH AMERICA, ALL WITHOUT SASA LISI. PLUS WE HAD TO GET *THIS* ONE UP TO SPEED--

THREE HUNDRED AND TWELVE.

--OR DOWN TO SPEED, AS THE CASE MAY BE.

FUCK YOU, BITCH. AT LEAST WE KNOW BETTER THAN TO FLASH OUR TITS ON CNN.

DO WHAT NOW?

ZAUBERBERG.
THE DANGER LOUNGE.
MOMENTS LATER.

IT'S CALLED *TSU'I-PEN FORKING.*

TIMELINE 919 BRANCHED INTO SEPARATE STRANDS.

NOT SUB-STRINGS--THREE IDENTICAL YET DISTINCT TIMELINES, IN EACH OF WHICH IMAGO...

...PROVIDED THREE DIFFERENT, UH, ***RIPOSTES*** TO THE PRESS.

BUT, I MEAN, HERE WE ARE, ALL IN THE SAME TIMELINE AGAIN? WHERE ALL I DID WAS FLIP THE FUCKERS OFF.

AND RIGHT NOW, IN A TIMELINE THAT'S SOMEHOW ***QUANTUM-SYNTOPIC*** WITH THIS ONE...

...YOU'RE TRYING TO EXPLAIN TO US HOW IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO PEEL BACK YOUR ***M-VELOPE*** IN FRONT OF SOME WEASEL FROM ***GAWKER.***

COULD IT BE THAT POOR LITTLE PLUSHY LADY I SMUSHED, IN 999_Q?

DID I DO THIS?

NOT LIKELY. WE'RE LOOKING AT SOMETHING DEEP, MASSIVE, FAR-REACHING...

...PERHAPS A COMPLETE UNRAVELING OF THE TEXTURE OF TIME.

I WANT TO SEE MY KID.

THAT PRESENTS DIFFICULTIES, MARA, BUT I PROMISE TO SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE. IN THE MEANTIME...

...THE METANAUTS HAVE TO DOUBLE DOWN ON THE PUNCH LIST, KEEP KILLING CASANOVA QUINNS UNTIL THERE ARE NONE LEFT TO KILL.

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT OMNIDIRECTIONAL INSTALLMENT OF THE

METANAUTS

FUCK YOU
F.C
2015

CHAPTER FOUR

AKIM ATHABADZE

AKIM.

TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE.

...

SOLDIERS, POPPA.

THEY HAVE GUNS AND UNIFORMS AND HELMETS.

A FLAG THAT'S NOT OURS.

MANY THINGS ARE NOT OURS IN THIS WORLD, SON.

LOOK BEYOND THE OCCUPIERS.

NOW TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE.

I SEE...

I SEE MR. YACEF! POPPA, IS MR. YACEF A SOLDIER NOW?

"AN INTERESTING WORD, '***IS***,' YES? CAN ANYTHING EXIST SINGULARLY?

"YESTERDAY WAS MR. YACEF A GROCER OR DID HE ***WORK*** AS A GROCER?

"AND DOES CARRYING A WEAPON MAKE ONE ***ONLY*** A SOLDIER?

HE LOOKS SAD.

I SUSPECT HE FEELS ***GREAT*** SADNESS NOW.

ALL AT THE WEIGHT OF A BOOT.

"MR. YACEF LOOKS LIKE A MAN THAT HATES HIMSELF TO ME, AKIM. THAT HATES THAT OF ALL THE THINGS HE ***IS***, WHAT HE IS ***RIGHT NOW*** IS A ***TRAITOR***.

HEY ***HEY HEY!!***

PLOF

POK POK

DON'T LOOK DON'T--

MY GOD.

--DADDY--

MY GOD--

--DADDY WHY DID THEY--

AKIM. LISTEN, BOY. LISTEN. OF THE MANY THINGS WE "ARE" AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT--

THE MAN WHO HATES WHAT HE HAS BECOME--

--IS--

--NO KIND OF MAN AT ALL.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND? NO OTHER RULES IN THIS LIFE.

OF ALL THE THINGS WE CONTROL, WHO WE ARE REMAINS SACROSANCT.

I THINK I UNDERSTAND.

YOU MEAN IF

OKAY, HERE.

WATCH.

LIGHT IT. THEN TAKE THE MATCHBOOK--

--LIKE *THIS*, SEE?

THEN JUST PUT IT UNDER SOMETHING THAT LOOKS LIKE IT'LL CATCH ON FIRE.

WHY? WHY NOT JUST--

--IT BURNS DOWN SLOW, THEN ALL THE MATCHES GO UP AT ONCE, ALONG WITH THE BOOK.

SLOW ENOUGH FOR US TO RUN LIKE HELL AND GET AWAY FROM THE AREA BY THE TIME IT CATCHES.

COME.

FEED ME FEED ME--

JUST A--

--GO GO--

SHH

SHH

POK POK POK

OH GOD, OH GOD, OH GOD.

SHH.

IT'S OKAY.

I LOVE YOU. IT'S OKAY.

--YOU--

KLK!

AKIM--

AKIM--!!

AKIM ATHABADZE.

YOU MISUNDERSTAND THE GAME, BOY.

THERE ARE RULES BY WHICH GENTLEMEN SUCH AS OURSELVES MUST PLAY.

THE RULES ARE SIMPLE.

THE GUN IS ALWAYS LOADED.

THE SAFETY IS ALWAYS OFF.

THE FUCKER ALWAYS FIRES--

Klick

ffuahh

COME ON NOW, BOY.

ch CHK-

Pok

ALWAYS.

THEY'LL NEVER LET YOU OUT NOW, BOY.

YOU'D BETTER START MAKING SOME CHANGES TO THE RULES BY WHICH YOU *LIVE*.

SEE?

NO, WAIT. SEE?

S'NOT A STAR, JUST A DRONE.

HE DO THE GUN THING WITH YOU?

THE THREE RULES THING?

I--

YEAH, HE DID. HOW DID YOU KNOW?

HE DID IT TO ALL OF US.

GOT US ALL SENT OUT HERE TO THE KENNELS.

AKIM.

HA! DON'T TELL ME YOUR NAME, MAN. I DON'T WANT TO KNOW IT.

AIN'T GONNA BE HERE LONG ANYWAY.

HA!

YOU'VE BEEN TALKING THAT SHIT FOR WEEKS NOW, MAN.

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE SHIT.

NONE OF US ARE GOING ANYWHERE.

NOT ON OUR OWN ANYWAY.

WHAT'D HE SAY?

THE STRANGE ONE WITH THE COMIC BOOK HAIR.

HE THINKS IT'S AN ALL-OR-NOTHING SITUATION.

I DON'T "THINK," I *KNOW*.

IF YOU GET OUT OF THE KENNELS YOU *DIE*. IF *WE* GET OUT OF THE KENNELS...

WE HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE.

YES YOU *DO*, MR. BENDAY. YES YOU DO.

TO THE BOYS OF THE A.C.A.D.E.M.Y.
AND THE MEN OF E.M.P.I.R.E.

MR. ATHABADZE, YOUR FLUTE SEEMS PARTICULARLY UN-HOISTED.

HOW ARE WE DOING DOWN THERE AT YOUR END OF THE TABLE?

IS THIS IT?

I...

YOU CAN ONLY MAKE THIS LAMB ONCE A MONTH, *YES* THIS IS IT.

BECAUSE THE LAMB IS ON ITS PERIOD, SEE.

FUCK IS YOUR PROBLEM NOW, AKIM?

IS THIS.

IT.

A BUNCH OF CRACKER MEN AND THEIR TWO TOKENS, TAKING ON THE BURDENS OF THE WHOLE WORLD BECAUSE THEY KNOW BEST.

AS ALWAYS.

"HERE WE VIOLENTLY ASSERT OURSELVES AS *RIGHT* BECAUSE WE HAVE ALL BEEN SO WRONGED...

...TRYING TO REMAKE THE *WORLD* IN OUR IMAGE.

WE LOOK NOTHING LIKE IT BUT WE ACT THE SAME.

WHAT ARE WE BECOMING, CORNELIUS?

AKIM, COME *ON*, MAN.

YOU GONNA COME ALONG WITH ME ON THIS THING I GOTTA DO OR WHAT?

WELL?

ALL FUCKING RIGHT, THEN.

HERE'S TO A BETTER WORLD, BOYS.

OPEN THE WINDOWS, OPEN THE WINDOWS!

THE JASMINE SHOULD BE OPEN BY NOW!

HOLD STILL YOU FUCKING *CUNT* HOLD STILL--

NNNNNNGGGGGAAAAAAAAAAAA

HA!

THERE. NOW ASK HER WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW. AND FUCKING REMIND HER SHE'S GOT THIRTY-ONE MORE.

WHERE ARE THEY?

WHERE ARE THEY?

ONE MORE TIME, THEN THE HOOD GOES BACK ON AND ANOTHER TOOTH COMES OUT.

NINE. ONE.
NINE. NINE.

EL JARDIN DE SENDEROS QUE SE BIFURCAN

ZERO. NINE.
REPEATING:
NINE.

ONE.
NINE. NINE.
ZERO. NINE.
OVER.

REPEATING.
NINE. ONE.
NINE.
NINE.

ZERO. NINE.
REPEATING.

NINE.
ONE.
NINE.

NINE. ZERO.
NINE. OVER.

REPEATING. NINE. ONE. NINE.

NINE. ZERO. NINE. OVER.

ROGER THAT.

E.M.P.I.R.E. TO ENOLA Bi COME BACK.

YOU'VE GOT ENOLA, BOSS.

STAND BY FOR COORDINATES.

ONE. FOUR. EIGHT. FIVE. FIVE. SEVEN.

REPEATING. ONE. FOUR. EIGHT.

FIVE. FIVE. SEVEN.

E.M.P.I.R.E. OUT.

And then, Bá drew an entire flashback issue of the **Acedia** arc.

WOW. THESE NEW PAGES ARE SO GOOD.

YEAH. ARE WE DONE? CAN I GO BACK TO MY CHABON BACK-UP?

HM... YEAH, BRO. SURE.

SEE YOU LATER, BRO.

SO GOOD.

...

I'M SO FIRED.

F.C.

SEEING YOUR CHILD PRESENTS DIFFICULTIES, MARA. BUT I PROMISE TO SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE.

IN THE MEANTIME, WE HAVE TO DOUBLE DOWN ON THE PUNCH LIST.

ALL THE LORENTZIAN FIVE-BRANE MODELS SHOW THERE'S SOME CRITICAL MASS OF TERMINATIONS WE HAVE TO REACH.

WE HAVE TO KEEP KILLING QUINNS UNTIL WE HIT THAT NUMBER.

AND UH, WHAT ABOUT THE SINGLE? THE VIDEO? PRESS CONFERENCE, LAUNCH PARTY? MEDIA BLITZ?

CHIK!

THAT'S ONE DIFFICULTY I MAY BE ABLE TO SOLVE MORE EASILY.

GIRLS, I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE--

NO.

ZZZRRRRRRMMMMM

IF YOU SAY THE WORD "TAM-BOTS," GALEN, I SWEAR TO YOU I WILL--

--SHOVE YOUR HEAD SO FAR UP YOUR ASS WHEN I'M DONE YOU'LL BE A MÖBIUS STRIP.

HUH.

THEY CAN PLAY AND SING.

THEY'VE RUN DETAILED ANALYSES AND PRODUCED RANKINGS OF THE TEN THOUSAND TOP-SELLING POP SONGS OF ALL TIME.

THEY'RE INSTALLED WITH ALL THE LATEST HIT-SONG ALGORITHMS.

IMAGO, WHAT'S WRONG?

I'M SAD ABOUT RICHIE SCHNUR.

THAT PUTZ...?

"... WHATEVER HAPPENED TO HIM, ANYWAY?"

posthorn.com

POST-HORN

ARTIFICIAL FLAVOR: THE AUTOTUNING OF AMERICA.

WHY T.A.M.I. MAKES THE ARCHIES LOOK LIKE BLIND LEMON JEFFERSON.

by Richie Schnur

OOH, ARE YOU A WRITER?

WHY, YES I AM.

"THE WORST THING THAT COULD HAPPEN TO A GUY LIKE THAT..."

...HE WAS RIGHT.

SO, DROID-ME. WHAT IS THE GREATEST POP SONG EVER WRITTEN?

DEPENDS ON THE FILTER YOU APPLY, MEAT-ME.

OKAY. HOW ABOUT "TRUTH." HOW ABOUT "PROFUNDITY."

A SONG THAT WOULD RING TRUE AND SPEAK TO PEOPLE IN EVERY TIMELINE, ANYWHEN.

"96 TEARS." ? AND THE MYSTERIANS.

OKAY. I'M SOLD.

TOO MANY TEARDROPS FOR ONE HEART TO BE CRYIN'...

"TOO MANY TEARDROPS FOR ONE HEART TO CARRY ON.

"YOU'RE WAY ON TOP NOW SINCE YOU LEFT ME. YOU'RE ALWAYS LAUGHING WAY DOWN AT ME.

"BUT WATCH OUT NOW, I'M GONNA GET THERE.

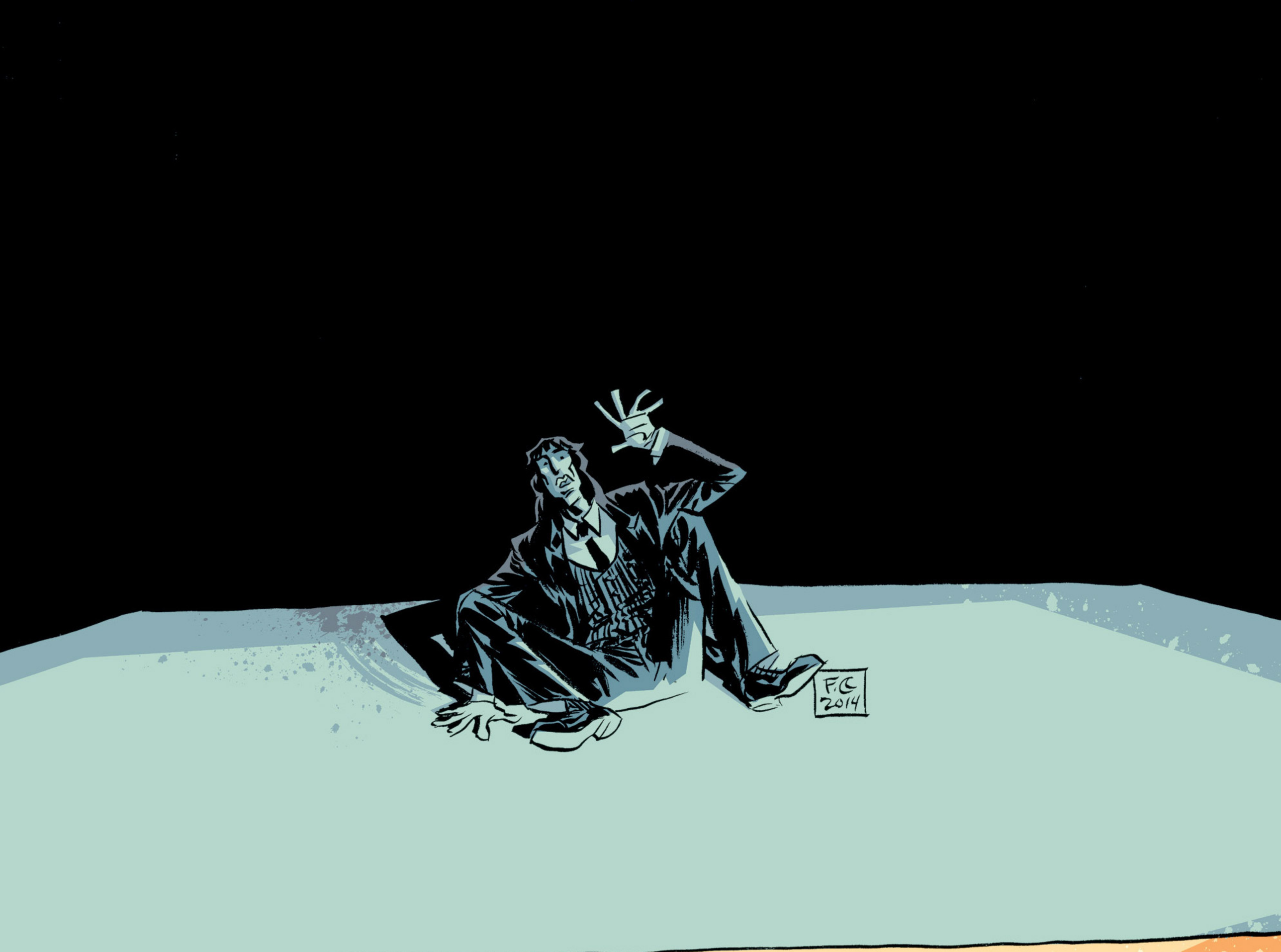
"AND THEN I'M GONNA PUT YOU WAY DOWN HERE AND YOU'LL START CRYING NINETY-SIX TEARS..."

STAY TUNED FOR MORE POP-ROCK PARADOX AND CREAMY QUANTUM GOODNESS WITH THE--

M·E·T·A NAUTS!

Just another day at the De Fraction household.

HOLLYWOOD
F.G
2014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MATT FRACTION writes comic books out in the woods and lives with his wife, the writer Kelly Sue DeConnick, his two children, a dog, a cat, a bearded dragon, and a yard full of coyotes and stags. Surely there is a metaphor there.

FÁBIO MOON is Gabriel Bá's Eisner Award-winning evil twin whose world domination plans include creating great comics. He lives in São Paulo, likes his coffee black, strong, with no sugar, and divides his days at times thinking he works too much, and at times thinking he could do so much more. He shaves more often than not – his twin has claimed the bearded look for himself – but sometimes he rebels and looks like a hobo. In another dimension, he works wearing a three-piece suit and tie every day of the week, but in ours he's still looking for a portal between the two, dressed as a regular cartoonist.

MICHAEL CHABON lives and works in the spacetime discontinuity known as Berkeley, California.

GABRIEL BÁ is an artist, but complains when people think of him as just an artist, because he also likes to write, although he's definitely not just a writer, because he loves to draw. He was never too comfortable with the word "cartoonist", preferring "author" a whole lot more. Maybe he has an identity crisis as a result of having a twin brother who also writes and draws and actually works alongside him on most of their ventures in the comics world, including *Casanova*.

THE WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS MEN

cannot remember who they are or how they came to be.

One of them is Casanova Quinn.

The other is his only friend, sole benefactor, and the head of an empire of corruption in Los Angeles.

Against the ticking clock of the apocalypse, they set out to unravel the twinned mysteries of their own pasts.

ALSO: From outside of tomorrow comes

THE METANAUTS

by Michael Chabon and Gabriel Bá

in which the greatest pop confection ever conceived across the multiverse cuts hit records and struggles to contain the complete entropic collapse of spacetime by hunting down and killing Casanova Quinns wherever—and whenever—they occur.

"Ultradensely packed psychedelic sci-fi espionage... sharply dressed and erotically irresistible."
—The New York Times

"Fraction's writing both draws on what's come before and constantly seeks to deviate from it, striking the right balance between familiarity and surprise. Fábio Moon's art also straddles the wonderfully kinetic surrealism of the title's past with the glitz and hedonism of Los Angeles."
—Paste Magazine

Casanova: Acedia Volume One collects issues #1-4 of the mind-bending series by Matt Fraction *(Sex Criminals, Hawkeye)* and Fábio Moon *(Two Brothers, Daytripper),* including backup stories by Pulitzer Prize-winning author Michael Chabon *(The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier & Clay)* and Gabriel Bá *(Two Brothers, Umbrella Academy).*

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